THE

MARYLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.

No. 166.

WEDNESDAY, *June* 29, 1748.

All human Race would fain be Wits;
But Millions miss for one that hits.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three Poets in an Age, at most?
Our chilling Climate hardly bears
A Sprig of Bays in fifty Years:
While ev'ry Fool his Claim alledges,
As if it grew in common Hedges.

Dr. SWIFT's Poetry: *A Rapsody.*

Mr. Green,

THE other Night, looking over a Bundle of your *News-Papers*, to which I often have recourse when satiated with more serious and solid Compositions, after I had perused several *Poems* and *Essays* with which you have obliged the Public, I came at last to *a long-winded Paper*, wrote by a *Native of Maryland*; the tedious Prolixity of which lulled me asleep in my elbow Chair, before I had half run over that important and *wondrous Performance*. So soon as the *drowsy god* had clapt his *leaden Cap* over my Temples, I was carried into the *Region of Visions*, and dreamed such a comical *Dream*, that I cannot help relating it to you; and if you think it worth While, you may communicate it to the Public.

I found myself in a spacious Hall, where were assembled several strange Persons, who, by their Gesture and Discourse, appeared to be *Poets, Politicians*, and *Philosophers*: Some wrote, some disputed, others repeated *Verses* upon various Subjects, and many dispatched certain *Packets*, which all seemed directed to you. While I admired this strange *Medley*, and was at a Loss what to make of it, you enter'd the Hall: Immediately I made up to you, bluntly asking, who these odd Fellows were, and what they were about? I am not surprized, you replied, that you do not know them; for I cannot say any of them are the *Minions of Fame*, tho' they aim at being thought so with all their Might: In short, they are *my Authors*, who oblige me with their *Compositions* in *Prose* and *Verse*, to fill up a Gap in my *Gazette*, in a Scarcity of News. There seems to be a Multitude of them, said I; to take Notice of every particular would be tiresome, but pray be so kind as to make me better acquainted with some of the most remarkable of them, whom I shall pitch upon.——With all my Heart, said you. So, having prepared a small *Nipperkin of Punch*, we took our Seat at one End of the Hall, and as we handed the Bowl to and again, I made my Questions, which you civilly answered.

Who is that queer Fellow, stuck up in yonder dark Corner, or Niech?——Strange! how could this Figure strike you first? I thought this Original had been forgot, and his *Corner* so obscure that none could discern him. His Name suits his Place; 'tis one *Mr. Q in the Corner*, a paltry Linguist and pitiful Logician: I durst publish but one Specimen of his Wit; for it was so universally laughed at, that I chose not to risque the Character of my Paper by putting out any more of his Stuff.——That *grotesque Figure*, who smiles so sarcastically upon him, is his *Cousin P ss a Pinnacle*. However, since it has been the Fate of many better *Authors* to die as soon as born, from which sudden Exit, I fear, few of *my Authors* are exempted,——here's to their *good Repose*, with all my Heart.——Pledge you, *Jones*, said I.

That *old Gentleman*, who finishes his Pipe by the Window, methinks, has a Steadiness in his Countenance, uncommon to the *Herd of Authors*: If I understand *Physiognomy*, there is Honesty and Ingenuity in his *Prosopicon*.——That's Mr. *A B*, the generous *Advocate* for our *Inspection Law*, who foil'd Mr. *Q in his Corner*, Mr. *Q R*, and all the *Quibblers* in the Opposition: There he sits bringing himself upon his Vibury.——He has done well, said I, in serving his Country with such a true and commendable *Zeal*; and I think, *Jones*, he is the only one among your *Authors* who deserves to live: But he is too good for this Group, for had he not been here, I should never have suspected him for one of your *Authors*, either in *Prose* or in *Verse*; his Countenance wearing more Solidity and Composure than is common to that Class of Men.——Here's to you, *Jones*,——Thank you, Friend.

While we thus talked, a tall raw-boned Person hastily passed by us in a furious Manner, expanding his Arms, and stamping with his Foot.——"Ha, ye Gods! ye immortal Essences! "What a noble Conception was there! Stop, stop the gaudy "fugitive Thought, lest it outfly my *Pegasus!*"——Is this Person, said I, a *Phaetonic Poet*, or a *religious Zealot?* Methinks his Behaviour somewhat resembles Madness.——That there Gentleman, Sir, is the *first Rate Poet* in our *Province*; a most thundering and verbose *Son of the Nine Muses*; he has a Fancy like Lightning; and not only in his *Compositions*, but in his common *Discourse*, he darts out Notions and Conceptions which no Mortal but himself ever thought of. He deals much in *ideal Beings, figurative Personages*, and antient *Pagan Mythology*; and is desirous to be understood by none but *People of Taste*.——But his must be a strange *Taste*, said I, which makes the relishing of what is romantic and obscure to almost all your *Readers*, an essential *Criterion of Taste*.——Why the Gentleman himself is romantic in most Things he does or says; tho' it must be owned, abstracting from this strange volatile Humour, he has a good Measure of Sense and Learning.——I'm sorry to find him then in the Company of these *Fops*: But here's to his good Success, and may he be crowned *Poet Laureat* of *Maryland*.——I'll pledge you there; for he is one of my prime *Authors*, and I wish he would write oftner.

That old Gentleman, with the Spectacles on his Nose, looks like an *Author of Quality and Distinction*.——You have guessed right; he transcends the common Class of *Authors*, not in Wit and Accuracy of Stile (for many of *my own Authors* excell him in both), but in Honour and Titles.——If he be not one of *your Authors*, pray what Business has he here?——He is not here *in Person*, but *in Effigie*; for I borrowed a Performance of his from a *Brother Gazette-Publisher*: 'Tis a *Speech* (for he is a notable *Speech-maker*) upon the dreadful Fire that consumed the *Capitol* of our *neighbouring Province*; which coming into the Hands of a certain *Northern Bard, Mad Tyge* by Name, he did him the Honour to paraphrase it into *long Lamlets*, and so metamorphosed his *lame Prose* into *hobbling Verse*.——The Gentleman seems to have weak Eyes,——Right: His Eyes are so weak that he cannot bear the *New Light*, and were therefore so incensed against *Wh——ef——ld*, and his Brethren *Lanthorn-Carriers*, that he paid them off in a most unparallel'd and inimitable *Speech*.

Pray who is that young dapper Gentleman, so particularly precise and affected in his Carriage, so seemingly pointed, exact and prolix in his Discourse; who seems to dictate to all round him, talks much of Mr. *Pope*, and often quotes *Horace*? I am much mistaken if he also is not a *Poet*.——You're right; this Gentleman has a large Share in my Paper, and sets up for a delicate Taste in *Poetry*: As to his Abilities that Way, I am not learned enough to judge; yet those who set up for *Men of Taste* and *Literature*, in this our *Wood-land Country*, affirm that he is no great Proficient in it: However, about this, *Doctors* differ. His Name is *Philo-Musæus*, sometimes *Philo-Musus*; he is Author of several Pieces, some in the *Ode Way*, or as others chuse to call it, in the *Odd Way*.——You'll never forbear punning, Friend *Jones*——which relish a little of *Stercoraceous* and *Ecoprotic*; tho' some Judges say, that there is a little Fire mixt with his Phlegm. As to his *poetical Pieces*, among others, is *An Ode upon the taking of Cape-Breton*, wrote in *English Sapphics*; *Verses occasioned by* Colley Cibber's *Epitaph on Mr. Pope*, where is contained a just Panegyric upon *Colley*, that illustrious *Laureat*; and *a Satyrical Epistle to his Friend*; these two last in *Heroics*: And one Piece in *Dogrel*, upon poor *Teague*, the Author of the *Advertisment*; where he quits the romantic Name of *Philo Musæus*, and becomes Mr. *Town Side*. You see *Teague* there frowning upon him, with his *round un-*

dauntings

thinking Face; he looks as if he was big with ſomething of Importance, and carries *Lock's Eſſay upon human Underſtanding* in his Hand; but I muſt ſay, ſuch a ſempiternal Vender of *Iriſh Bulls* is no Honour to the great Man he profeſſes to copy from, and quotes upon every Occaſion.——This *Philo-Muſæus*, ſaid I, muſt be one of your diſtinguiſhed *Authors*, for he ſeems to have more Enemies than one; obſerve that Chap with the broad round Face, baſhful and aukward in his Carriage, who grins upon poor *Philo* with a moſt inveterate Sneer.—— O Sir, that's *Philokalus*, the obſcureſt and moſt abuſive of all my *Authors*.——Thruſt him up in that obſcure Corner with Mr *R.* then, ſaid I, and ſee which will make the beſt Figure; what untimely Birth did he bring forth, pray?——Why Sir, he is of that Sect of *polemical Writers*, who miſtake Raillery and Billingſgate for Argument and good Senſe.——Well, here's to his Reformation, poor Soul.—But pray what does he rail at honeſt *Philo* for?——Becauſe he imagines he has claſſed him among his *Dunces*, ſeeing he has not given him a Place among the *Worthies* in his *Satyrical Epiſtle*.——But pray what is the Deſign and Drift of that ſame *Satyrical Epiſtle*, Friend *Jonas*?——Why, ſo far as I can ſee, it is to ridicule the Vice and Ignorance that prevail in this *Infant Province*, which Vice and Ignorance, he ſeems to ſay, ariſes from the Want of good Education, *Univerſities*, and *Seminaries of Learning*.——There he is right; but I think he ſhould alſo have brought in bad and indifferent *Poets*, and all wretched Authors, among his other *Fops*, and then he could very properly have attributed their Folly and Vanity to Want of *Learning* and *Good Manners*: ——But we have ſaid enough of him.

Methinks you have got a deviliſh Clan of *Poets* here.——O yes, Numbers of the *Rhiming Species*. There's *Juba*, the *Monitor of the Ladies*. Here's *Ignotus*, very properly ſo called, a puny *Tranſlator*. There's that wonderful Imitator of *Horace*, in his *Ode*, beginning *Otium divos, &c.* And here is *Eumolpus*, that ſolemn Dealer in *blank Verſe*, the Body of whoſe *Muſe*, too large for her ſmall Wings, like a *ſquab Goſling*, comes ſouſe down as often as ſhe attempts to ſoar.—— This Sort of Poetry by ſome is thought the eaſieſt, but is ſurely the moſt difficult; becauſe where the Jingle of Rhime is wanting, there muſt be a ſtrong Fancy, juſt Sentiment, and lively Colouring, to make it even tolerable.——This Gentleman then, ſaid I, has miſtaken himſelf much, if I judge right; for there is little elſe in that *Poem* of his, but a tolerable Cadence and Meaſure in the Lines.—He is ſurely a *dead Poet*: and therefore, here is Peace to his *Manes*.

I was going to proceed, when you pulled a little *Ticket* out of your Pocket, upon which was painted the Device of *a Monkey riding a winged Aſs*, and in the *Offskip*, *Mount Parnaſſus reverſed, with it's double Top wrapt in a thick black Cloud*: This you pinned to my Coat.——What now, *Jonas*? ſaid I. ——Nothing Sir, but now you have the Honour to be claſſed among *my Authors*; this is their *Badge of Diſtinction*.—— Thank you kindly, *Jonas*, but I hope ſome Time or other to be in better Company.

But what Cabal is that, laying their Heads together?—— Theſe are *moral* or *ethical Writers*, who are making Excerpts from the *Spectators*, *Tatlers*, and other known Books, to patch together ſome Scraps for my Paper, which they think may be worth reading; but they are miſtaken, for theſe trite Subjects have already been much better handled, than they can pretend to treat them; and ſo they may be called a Set of *Plagiarits*. Among them you ſee *Eutergetes*, who is ſo merry with the *Ladies*, who mind this *ſarcaſtic Monitor* leſs than they do a *Fop* daub'd with Lace, and his Hat modiſhly cock'd. There too is *Euphranor*, who writes an *unfiniſh'd Piece upon Taſte*. There alſo is that *gloomy Author*, who gave us an *Eſſay upon Night*. Here too is *Philalethes*, *Publius Agricola*, *Simplicius* properly ſo called: and the *ſplenetic Writer* of WHAT NEWS? with a few others of leſs Note. A little apart from theſe, you ſee *P. Q.*; *R. S.*; and *T. V.*; three ſtanch *Proteſtants*, who were the *Editors* of the *Panegyric upon the Whore of Babylon*.

Hey! Hey! what a Hurly Burly have we here! *Jonas*, this is not fair;——three againſt two: I have a good Mind to aſſiſt the weakeſt Party.—You had better ſit ſtill and drink your Punch.—Here's to you.——Well, well, as to drink is better than to quarrel at any Time, I'll drink, and do you go on with the Hiſtory of your *Champions*.——Theſe two upon one Side, are the *Freeholder* and *Americans Britannus*, and theſe three that engage them are the *Natives of Maryland*——What! that prolix Driviler, interrupted I, who has given us a Preface long enough, and as fit for the Hiſtory of *China* or *Japan*, as for the Subject he was to go upon?——Yes Sir, and *Philanthropos*, and his Friend *Anonymus*, Brave Fellows all.——And what do they quarrel about?—Why, the Pretence upon one Side is *the Liberty of the Subject*, and the *Security of every Man's Purſe and Property*. That on the other is the Cauſe of *injur'd Magiſtracy*, and to chaſtiſe the daring and *inſolent Contempt of Authority*; both ſpecious and plauſible Subjects of Debate, to cover over ſomething elſe that is meant, to wit, whether a *Court-Houſe* ſhall be built *in this Place* or in *that Place*, agreeable to the Intereſt, not of the Public, but of either contending Party.——But why ſhould the Public be annoy'd with this tedious Diſpute, might it not have been better let alone?——I grant it, Sir, but they pay me for it, and I'll publiſh any Thing for Money, if it is not impious or treaſonable.——You're right, *Jonas*; but go on.—— What the *Freeholder* has ſaid is well enough, and the Gentleman may paſs, in theſe Parts, for a tolerable *Patriot-Writer*. But, as for the *Natives of Maryland*, he is abundantly too prolix, and becomes tireſome by a Multiplicity of Words and little Subſtance; and indeed in ſome Places he is abſurd, where he aſſerts an *unlimited uncontroulable Power*, in any *Magiſtrate* whatſoever, or in any *Conſtitution*, to levy whatever they pleaſe upon the People; for here, he plainly pleads the Cauſe of Oppreſſion, and advances a groſs Abſurdity, in ſuppoſing the Conſtitution an Enemy to itſelf.——He does not advance greater Abſurdities than *Philanthropos*, who does not deſerve the Name he aſſumes. Look at this Paſſage in his Letter.——*A Birth-Right, an inherent Right*——Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho,——Confound the Nonſenſe! No, the Right of any Prince, whether *hereditary* or *elective* is not *inherent* but *derived*; it is a *Right in Truſt*, committed to him upon certain Conditions by the *People*, which Conditions, if he obſerves not, he forfeits this Right; and a Man can no more be born a *King*, than he can be born a *Reverend Commiſſary*. —— Here again, *I know of no Eſſential or Fundamental of the Conſtitution but Parliaments*. Ha, ha, ha.——Don't you know *Wiſeacre*? Why the *People*, the *Conſtituents* of theſe *Parliaments*, are the *Eſſential* and *Fundamental* of the *Conſtitution*, the *Parliaments* being only the *Creatures of the People*.——Hey, hey, hey! *Their Exiſtence was before the Laws, their Origin cannot be founded on any Law, nor have Laws for the Choice and Regulation of them, but not for their Exiſtence*. Ha, ha, ha, ho, Excellent! ſo much for *Parliaments*; that is, *we have Laws for their Exiſtence, but not for their Exiſtence*. Quod erat demonſtrandum. ——You Mr. *Philanthropos*, ſhall have a *hereditary Right* to be *King of the Blunderers*. I think, Friend *Jonas*, theſe Diſputes are altogether needleſs, and ought not to be drawn out to ſuch a great Length, becauſe, in the firſt Place, they do not anſwer the pretended Purpoſe for which they were broached, and it is only in the Power of the *Legiſlature* to determine ſuch Cavils, and ſecondly, they breed Animoſities and Heart-burnings, among People that were formerly good Neighbours, and diſturb the Quiet of Society. However, here's a Health to the *Freeholder*, and all true *Whigs*, (ay, ay, to all true Whigs, ſays you) for if any one of theſe Partizans deſerves the Name of an honeſt Fellow, he ſeems, in my Opinion, to have the beſt Title to it.

Here there ſtepp'd into the Hall a ſtately grave Perſon, who took a Survey of the whole *Poſſe of Authors*, and then with a ſcornful Smile turned towards the Place where we were.—— What Stranger is that, ſaid I?——I believe, anſwer'd you, his Name is *Public Opinion*, he is a Perſon of nice Taſte, and hard to pleaſe; I never yet could reconcile him to any of my *Authors*.——Here coming cloſe up to us, he ſtopp'd our Enquiry; after he had taſted of our Bowl, he aſked what we were about.——Taking a View of my *Authors*, ſaid you.—— *Authors!* replied he, ſneeringly, I believe ſuch a Rabble of *Authors* never were before heard of,——An't you afraid of bringing your Paper into Contempt, and diſobliging your Readers, by being concerned with theſe *Writers* and their Performances, without ſcrupulouſly weighing the Value of their Works, before you trouble the Public with them?——As for their *Works*, ſaid you, I never give my ſelf the Trouble to weigh the Value of any of them, my *Types* are always in Readineſs for them, when they ſend me a *Piece of Money*, and inſtead of reading the *Author's Piece*, to find the Value of it, I read the *Money Bill* he ſends along with it, and according as that is more or leſs in Value, ſo I put a greater or leſs Value upon the *Author* and his Performance.——Strange way of judging! But do you think the Public will judge ſo?—— Undoubtedly Sir, for we daily find that many People are much taken notice of and eſteemed, who have nothing but Money to recommend them, any more than theſe *Performances of my Authors*, paltry and inſignificant as you take them to be.—— This *Sophiſtical* Argument, ſaid he, ſmells [illegible]

of Maryland, and his Friend *Philanthropos*——May be so, said you, but come, here's to our better Acquaintance.——

We were here interrupted by a great Noise at the Door, and looking out, I saw a certain precise *Quaker*, engaged in a Dispute with half a Dozen, whilst one bawl'd out, *I disaffect, do I? I disaffect, do I*——Hey! said you, here's more *Authors* from another Quarter, these are not *Gazetts Gentlemen*, ——Lo, here is Friend *Ezekiel*, engaged with *mighty Joshua* and his Adherents. Here I was bit in the Leg by a curs'd *Mastiff*, so the whole Vision vanishing, I left off dreaming and fell to scratching.

Don Francisco de Quevedo Villegas.

BOSTON, *May* 23.

The deplorable Case of our Eastern Frontiers; as appears from the following Letter the former Part dated—George-Town April 29 1748, the latter—dated May 6.

Dear ——,

This is to inform you, that last Sabbath three Men were killed, viz. James Rincaid, who had been captivated near two Years, and who came Home in the French Flag last Summer, one Car, and I think one Ball, at Avery's Garrison at Sheepscut, and the said Avery captivated. The Dogs on the Evening of said Day were very uneasy; And these with two more who escaped, went out to see what was the Matter, and went close to the Indians, and met with the above Fate.

That on Tuesday last, 5 Indians were seen going up a Creek in this Town at high Noon Day, talking and as secure as in profound Peace.

That on Wednesday Morning the Enemy captivated 2 Men in this Town, viz. Job Philbrook and Samuel Mc Poney within Gunshot of a Garrison: And might have gone into the Garrison, there not being one Man in it.

That Yesterday Morning an Indian Canoe was found within Sight of my Garrison, on the West Side of the River haul'd up. The said Canoe does not seem to be made more than 3 or 4 Days: For the Sliminess on new peel'd Bark is neither washed off, nor dried up and is made of Spruce Bark, and the Seams are stopped with Mud: By which we conjecture that there are more Indians come down upon us than they have Canoes to transport them with from Place to Place.

May 9.

This as to Substance I wrote on the above Day, and further informed that many of the Men here were without Arms, and that the Inhabitants that had supplied them, could do it no longer. And at the same Time Capt Mc Cobb wrote to Governor, giving him an Account of the above Damages; the and also that the Western and Canada Men, having as they think been unjustly detained here, longer than they think they ought to be, talk of running away or turning to the Enemy: And before we got the above Letters finished, the Vessel sail'd with a fair Wind, and our Attempts of getting them on board fail'd. On which the Captain sent them Express to the New Meadows, and thence they were convey'd to Capt. Burns at Brunswick: And now viz. May 9, I am inform'd that he with 4 Men were going with said Letters, I suppose to Nequoit, in Order to send them along, was way-laid and he and 1 Man killed, 1 wounded and taken, 2 only escaping, and the Letters as above are taken, and we dread the Consequence thereof——For my Part, I know not what to say or do——So rest, &c.

We hear that his Majesty has been pleased to appoint Col. Hobson to be Governor and Commander in Chief of the Island and Fortress of Louisbourg.

ANNAPOLIS, *June* 29.

We have a current Report, which is said to have come from *Philadelphia*, that Admiral *Osborne* has taken part of the *Martinico* Fleet; that he was cruising off that Place for some Time, which kept the *French* Fleet from stirring out; at length he gave out that he would cruize there no longer, and accordingly stood off with his whole Squadron; on which the French put out: But that the Admiral stood on again in the Night, met with, and took upwards of Twenty Sail, and was in quest of the rest. This Article we cannot as yet give as a certain Truth, tho' it is a probable one, but hope we shall soon have it confirmed.

Last Wednesday Capt. *Bushell* arrived at *Patuxent*, in 18 Days from *Barbados*. He brings no remarkable News. The Fleet from that Island for *England*, were to sail as last Week, under a good Convoy.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO BE SOLD by Public Vendue, on Friday the 8th Day of July, at the Plantation late of Mr. John Andrews, *Deceased, near* Annapolis,

THE Plantation Utensils, Houshold Furniture, Books, and many other Things too tedious to mention, which lately belong'd to *Francis Mapp*, Deceased. The Sale will begin at One o'Clock, and every Thing will be Sold, by

SAMUEL SMITH, Administrator.

JUST IMPORTED, in the Ship Ruby, *Capt.* Bailey, *and to be Sold by the Subscriber at his Store at* Nottingham *on* Patuxent *River*,

ALL Sorts of *East-India*, and *European* Goods, at reasonable Rates, for Bills of Exchange, Current Money, or heavy Tobacco.

Also Imported in the Schooner *Polly*, Capt, *Bushell*, from *Barbados*, a Parcel of Rum and Sugar.

JAMES RUSSELL.

Charles County, June 6. 1748.

THE Subscriber intends to break up Ordinary-Keeping immediately, any Person inclinable to Rent the Houses and Lotts he now possesses in *Port-Tobacco*, being the most convenient of any in Town for that Business, may apply to him, and if they agree may have Possession immediately. Also will be exposed to sale all his Houshold Goods fitting for that Purpose.

As he intends to leave this Province soon, all Persons indebted to him are desired to come and settle their Accompts and pay off their respective Ballances, which will prevent Trouble to them.

And those that have any Claim against him, are desired to bring in their Accompts that they may be adjusted, by

COLLIN MITCHELL.

ON the 13th of this Instant *June*, was found hid in the Woods, at *West-River* near *Margaret Richardson's*, Two large Wallets, two Pistols loaded, one Cotton Waistcoat with five Metal Buttons, one Oznabrig Shirt, an old Prayer Book one large Shoemakers Last, mark'd on the Quarter with an A and T made into one, and several other Things of but little Value.

Any Person or Persons shewing a just Right to any of the above Things, may have them again, paying the Charge of this Advertisement, and applying to the Subscriber.

DANIEL RICHARDSON.

N. B. It is supposed the above Things were hid by a White Man and a Negro, who were seen at or near the Place, but have made their Escape.

To be SOLD on Saturday the 9th of July *next, for ready Sterling Money, or Bills of Exchange, by the Subscribers, at* London Town.

A Fine Plantation called *What you will*; containing 375 Acres of Land; situated at the Head of *South* River, about 4 Miles from the Landing Place where an Inspection House is to be erected: There is a good Dwelling House, a Cellar, a good Negroe's Quarter House, Tobacco-House, a good Corn-House, and a good Orchard, &c.

WILLIAM CHAPMAN, junior.
RICHARD BURDUS.

N. B. A good Title will be made to the Purchaser, by

WILLIAM PEELE.

RAN away the 26th Instant from the Subscriber's Plantation, Back of *Elk-Ridge*, near Mr. *Carroll's* Manor, a Convict Irish Servant Man, named *Patrick Harford*, a lusty Fellow, about Twenty one Years of Age, fair Complexion, pitted with the Small Pox: Had on when he went away, an old Felt Hat, a black Wigg, or worsted Cap, an old white Cotton Jacket, and one Country Cloth Jacket, white and black, but as it was filled at the fulling Mill, it is of a dark brown, two Oznabrig Shirts, a Pair of short Country Linnen Trowsers, and a pair of old Country Shoes.

Whoever takes up the said Servant and brings him to his Master, shall have *Three Pounds* Current Money, if taken in *Pennsylvania*, or *Virginia*, *Five Pounds* like Money, paid by

JOHN RIDOLEY.

TO be Sold by the Subscriber, Good Barbados Rum at 7*s* by the Gallon, clean Muscovado Sugar at 1*s* per Pound, Molasses at 5*s* per Gallon, bolted Flour at 17*s* 6*d* per Hundred, Pipes, Chocolate, and sundry other Goods, by

GAMALIEL BUTLER.

thinking Face; he looks as if he was big with something of Importance, and carries *Lock's Essay upon human Understanding* in his Hand; but I muſt ſay, ſuch a ſempiternal Vender of *Iriſh Bulls* is no Honour to the great Man he profeſſes to copy from, and quotes upon every Occaſion.——This *Philo-Muſarus*, ſaid I, muſt be one of your diſtinguiſhed *Authors*, for he ſeems to have more Enemies than one; obſerve that Chap with the broad round Face, baſhful and aukward in his Carriage, who grins upon poor *Philo* with a ſnoſt inveterate Sneer.—— O Sir, that's *Philokalus*, the obſcureſt and moſt abuſive of all my *Authors*.——Thruſt him up in that obſcure Corner with Mr Q. then, ſaid I, and ſee which will make the beſt Figure; what untimely Birth did he bring forth, pray?——Why Sir, he is of that Sect of *polemical Writers*, who miſtake Raillery and Billingſgate for Argument and good Senſe.——Well, here's to his Reformation, poor Soul.—But pray what does he rail at honeſt *Philo* for?——Becauſe he imagines he has claſſed him among his *Dunces*, ſeeing he has not given him a Place among the *Worthies* in his *Satyrical Epiſtle*.——But pray what is the Deſign and Drift of that ſame *Satyrical Epiſtle*, Friend *Jonas*?——Why, ſo far as I can ſee, it is to ridicule the Vice and Ignorance that prevail in this *Infant Province*, which Vice and Ignorance, he ſeems to ſay, ariſes from the Want of good Education, *Univerſities*, and *Seminaries of Learning*.——There he is right; but I think he ſhould alſo have brought in bad and indifferent *Poets*, and all wretched Authors, among his other *Fops*, and then he could very properly have attributed their Folly and Vanity to Want of *Learning* and *Good Manners*: ——But we have ſaid enough of him.

Methinks you have got a deviliſh Clan of *Poets* here.——O yes, Numbers of the *Rhiming Species*. There's *Juba*, the *Monitor of the Ladies*. Here's *Ignotus*, very properly ſo called, a puny *Tranſlator*. There's that wonderful Imitator of *Horace*, in his *Ode*, beginning *Otium divos, &c.* And here is *Eumolpus*, that ſolemn Dealer in *blank Verſe*, the Body of whoſe *Muſe*, too large for her ſmall Wings, like a *ſquab Goſling*, comes ſouſe down as often as ſhe attempts to ſoar.—— This Sort of Poetry by ſome is thought the eaſieſt, but is ſurely the moſt difficult; becauſe where the Jingle of Rhime is wanting, there muſt be a ſtrong Fancy, juſt Sentiment, and lively Colouring, to make it even tolerable.——This Gentleman then, ſaid I, has miſtaken himſelf much, if I judge right; for there is little elſe in that *Poem* of his, but a tolerable Cadence and Meaſure in the Lines.—He is ſurely a *dead Poet*: and therefore, here is Peace to his *Manes*.

I was going to proceed, when you pulled a little *Ticket* out of your Pocket, upon which was painted the Device of *a Monkey riding a winged Aſs*, and in the *Offſkip, Mount Parnaſſus reverſed, with it's double Top wrapt in a thick black Cloud*: This you pinned to my Coat.——What now, *Jonas?* ſaid I, ——Nothing Sir, but now you have the Honour to be claſſed among *my Authors*; this is their *Badge of Diſtinction*.——— Thank you kindly, *Jonas*, but I hope ſome Time or other to be in better Company.

But what Cabal is that, laying their Heads together?—— Theſe are *moral* or *ethical Writers*, who are making Excerpts from the *Spectators*, *Tatlers*, and other known Books, to patch together ſome Scraps for my Paper, which they think may be worth reading; but they are miſtaken, for theſe trite Subjects have already been much better handled, than they can pretend to treat them; and ſo they may be called a Set of *Plagiaries*. Among them you ſee *Eutergetes*, who is ſo merry with the *Ladies*, who mind this *ſarcaſtic Monitor* leſs than they do a *Fop* daub'd with Lace, and his Hat modiſhly cock'd. There too is *Euphranor*, who writes an *unfiniſh'd Piece upon Taſte*. There alſo is that *gloomy Author*, who gave us an *Eſſay upon Night*. Here too is *Philalethes*, *Publius Agricola*, *Simplicius* properly ſo called; and the *ſplenetic Writer* of WHAT NEWS? with a few others of leſs Note. A little apart from theſe, you ſee *P. Q.*; *R. S.*; and *T. V.*; three ſtanch *Proteſtants*, who were the *Editors* of the *Panegyric upon the Whore of Babylon*.

Hey! Hey! what a Hurly Burly have we here! *Jonas*, this is not fair;—three againſt two: I have a good Mind to aſſiſt the weakeſt Party.—You had better ſit ſtill and drink your Punch.—Here's to you.——Well, well, as to drink is better than to quarrel at any Time, I'll drink, and do you go on with the Hiſtory of your *Champions*.——Theſe two upon one Side, are the *Freeholder* and *Americanus Britannus*, and theſe three that engage them are the *Natives of Maryland*——What! that prolix Driviler, interrupted I, who has given us a Preface long enough, and as fit for the Hiſtory of *China* or *Japan*, as for the Subject he was to go upon?——Yes Sir, and *Philanthropos*, and his Friend *Anonymous*. Brave Fellows all.——And what do they quarrel about?—Why, the Pretence upon one Side is *the Liberty of the Subject*, and the *Security of every Man's Purſe and Property*. That on the other is the Cauſe of *injur'd Magiſtracy*, and to chaſtiſe the daring and *inſolent Contempt of Authority*; both ſpecious and plauſible Subjects of Debate, to cover over ſomething elſe that is meant, to wit, whether a *Court-Houſe* ſhall be built in *this Place* or in *that Place*, agreeable to the Intereſt, not of the Public, but of either contending Party.——But why ſhould the Public be annoy'd with this tedious Diſpute, might it not have been better let alone?——I grant it, Sir, but they pay me for it, and I'll publiſh any Thing for Money, if it is not impious or treaſonable.——You're right, *Jonas*, but go on.— What the *Freeholder* has ſaid is well enough, and the Gentleman may paſs, in theſe Parts, for a tolerable *Patriot-Writer*. But, as for the *Natives of Maryland*, he is abundantly too prolix, and becomes tireſome by a Multiplicity of Words and little Subſtance; and indeed in ſome Places he is abſurd, where he aſſerts an *unlimited uncontroulable Power*, in any *Magiſtrate* whatſoever, or in any *Conſtitution*, to levy whatever they pleaſe upon the People; for here, he plainly pleads the Cauſe of Oppreſſion, and advances a groſs Abſurdity, in ſuppoſing the Conſtitution an Enemy to itſelf.——He does not advance greater Abſurdities than *Philanthropos*, who does not deſerve the Name he aſſumes. Look at this Paſſage in his Letter.——*A Birth-Right, an inherent Right*——Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho,——Confound the Nonſenſe! No, the Right of any Prince, whether *hereditary* or *elective* is not *inherent* but *derived*; it is a *Right in Truſt*, committed to him upon certain Conditions by the *People*, which Conditions, if he obſerves not, he forfeits this Right; and a Man can no more be born a *King*, than he can be born a *Reverend Commiſſary*. —— Here again, *I know of no Eſſential or Fundamental of the Conſtitution but Parliaments*. Ha, ha, ha.——Don't you know *Wiſeacre?* Why the *People*, the *Conſtituents* of theſe *Parliaments*, are the *Eſſential* and *Fundamental* of the *Conſtitution*, the *Parliaments* being only the *Creatures of the People*.——Hey, hey, hey! *Their Exiſtence was before the Law, their Origin cannot be founded on any Law, we have Laws for the Choice and Regulation of them, but not for their Exiſtence*. Ha, ha, ha, ho, Excellent! ſo much for *Parliaments*; that is, *we have Laws for their Exiſtence, but not for their Exiſtence*. Quod erat demonſtrandum. ——You Mr. *Philauthropos*, ſhall have *a hereditary Right* to be *King of the Blunderers*. I think, Friend *Jonas*, theſe Diſputes are altogether needleſs, and ought not to be drawn out to ſuch a great Length, becauſe, in the firſt Place, they do not anſwer the pretended Purpoſe for which they were broached, and it is only in the Power of the *Legiſlature* to determine ſuch Cavils, and ſecondly, they breed Animoſities and Heart-burnings, among People that were formerly good Neighbours, and diſturb the Quiet of Society. However, here's a Health to the *Freeholder*, and all true *Whigs*, (ay, ay, to all true Whigs, ſays you) for if any one of theſe Partizans deſerves the Name of an honeſt Fellow, he ſeems, in my Opinion, to have the beſt Title to it.

Here there ſtepp'd into the Hall a ſtately grave Perſon, who took a Survey of the whole *Poſſe of Authors*, and then with a ſcornful Smile turned towards the Place where we were.—— What Stranger is that, ſaid I?——I believe, anſwer'd you, his Name is *Public Opinion*, he is a Perſon of nice Taſte, and hard to pleaſe; I never yet could reconcile him to any of my *Authors*.——Here coming cloſe up to us, he ſtopp'd our Enquiry; after he had taſted of our Bowl, he aſked what we were about.——Taking a View of my *Authors*, ſaid you.—— *Authors?* replied he, ſneeringly, I believe ſuch a Rabble of *Authors* never were before heard of.——An't you afraid of bringing your Paper into Contempt, and diſobliging your Readers, by being concerned with theſe *Writers* and their Performances, without ſcrupulouſly weighing the Value of their Works, before you trouble the Public with them?——As for their *Works*, ſaid you, I never give my ſelf the Trouble to weigh the Value of any of them, my *Types* are always in Readineſs for them, when they ſend me a *Piece of Money*, and inſtead of reading the *Author's Piece*, to find the Value of it, I read the *Money Bill* he ſends along with it, and according as that is more or leſs in Value, ſo I put a greater or leſs Value upon the *Author* and his Performance.——Strange way of judging! But do you think the Public will judge ſo?—— Undoubtedly Sir, for we daily find that many People are much taken notice of and eſteemed, who have nothing but Money to recommend them, any more than theſe *Performers of my Authors*, paltry and inſignificant as you take them to be.—— This *Sophiſtical* Argument, ſaid he, ſmells rank of the *Nature*

of Maryland, and his Friend *Philanthropus*.——May be so, said you, but come, here's to our better Acquaintance.——

We were here interrupted by a great Noise at the Door, and looking out, I saw a certain precise *Quaker*, engaged in a Dispute with half a Dozen, whilst one bawl'd out, *I disassent, by I disassent, by I*——Hey! said you, here's more *Authors* from another Quarter, these are not *Gazetts Gentlemen*, ——Lo, here is Friend *Euclid*, engaged with *mighty Joshua* and his Adherents. Here I was bit in the Leg by a curs'd *Muskito*, so the whole Vision vanishing, I left off dreaming and fell to scratching.

Don Francisco de Quevedo Villegas.

BOSTON, *May* 23.

The deplorable Case of our Eastern Frontiers; as appears from the following Letter the former Part dated—George-Town April 29 1748, the latter—dated May 6.

Dear ——,

This is to inform you, that last Sabbath three Men were killed, viz. James Rincaid, who had been captivated near two Years, and who came Home in the French Flag last Summer, one Car, and I think one Ball, at Avery's Garrison at Sheepscut, and the said Avery captivated. The Dogs on the Evening of said Day were very uneasy; And these with two more who escaped, went out to see what was the Matter, and went close to the Indians, and met with the above Fate.

That on Tuesday last, 5 Indians were seen going up a Creek in this Town at high Noon Day, talking and as secure as in profound Peace.

That on Wednesday Morning the Enemy captivated 2 Men in this Town, viz. Job Philbrook and Samuel Mc Foney within Gunshot of a Garrison: And might have gone into the Garrison, there not being one Man in it.

That Yesterday Morning an Indian Canoe was found within Sight of my Garrison, on the West Side of the River haul'd up. The said Canoe does not seem to be made more than 3 or 4 Days: For the Sliminess on new peel'd Bark is neither washed off, nor dried up and is made of Spruce Bark, and the Seams are stopped with Mud: By which we conjecture that there are more Indians come down upon us than they have Canoes to transport them with from Place to Place.

May 9,

This as to Substance I wrote on the above Day, and further informed that many of the Men here were without Arms, and that the Inhabitants that had supplied them, could do it no longer. And at the same Time Capt Mc Cobb wrote to Governor, giving him an Account of the above Damages; the and also that the Western and Canada Men, having as they think been unjustly detained here, longer than they think they ought to be, talk of running away or turning to the Enemy: And before we got the above Letters finished, the Vessel sail'd with a fair Wind, and our Attempts of getting them on board fail'd. On which the Captain sent them Expresse to the New Meadows, and thence they were convey'd to Capt. Burns at Brunswick: And now viz. May 9, I am inform'd that he with 4 Men were going with said Letters, I suppose to Nequoit, in Order to send them along, was way-laid and he and 1 Man killed, 1 wounded and taken, 2 only escaping, and the Letters as above are taken, and we dread the Consequence thereof ——For my Part, I know not what to say or do—— So rest, &c.

We hear that his Majesty has been pleased to appoint Col. Hobson to be Governor and Commander in Chief of the Island and Fortress of Louisbourg.

ANNAPOLIS, *June* 29.

We have a current Report, which is said to have come from *Philadelphia*, that Admiral *Osborne* has taken part of the *Martinico* Fleet; that he was cruising off that Place for some Time, which kept the *French* Fleet from stirring out; at length he gave out that he would cruize there no longer, and accordingly stood off with his whole Squadron; on which the French put out: But that the Admiral stood on again in the Night, met with, and took upwards of Twenty Sail, and was in quest of the rest. This Article we cannot as yet give as a certain Truth, tho' it is a probable one, but hope we shall soon have it confirmed.

Last Wednesday Capt. *Bussell* arrived at *Patuxent*, in 18 Days from *Barbados*. He brings no remarkable News. The Fleet from that Island for *England*, were to sail as last Week, under a good Convoy.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO BE SOLD by Public Vendue, on Friday the 8th Day of July, at the Plantation late of Mr. John Andrews, *Deceased, near* Annapolis,

THE Plantation Utensils, Houshold Furniture, Books, and many other Things too tedious to mention, which lately belong'd to *Francis Mapp*, Deceased. The Sale will begin at One o'Clock, and every thing will be Sold, by

SAMUEL SMITH, Administrator.

JUST IMPORTED, in the Ship Ruby, *Capt.* Bailey, *and to be Sold by the Subscriber at his Store at* Nottingham *on* Patuxent *River*,

ALL Sorts of *East-India*, and *European* Goods, at reasonable Rates, for Bills of Exchange, Current Money, or heavy Tobacco.

Also Imported in the Schooner *Poly*, Capt, *Bussell*, from *Barbados*, a Parcel of Rum and Sugar.

JAMES RUSSELL.

Charles County, June 6. 1748.

THE Subscriber intends to break up Ordinary Keeping immediately, any Person inclinable to Rent the Houses and Lotts he now possesses in *Port-Tobacco*, being the most convenient of any in Town for that Business, may apply to him, and if they agree may have Possession immediately. Also will be exposed to sale all his Houshold Goods fitting for that Purpose.

As he intends to leave this Province soon, all Persons indebted to him are desired to come and settle their Accompts and pay off their respective Ballances, which will prevent Trouble to them.

And those that have any Claim against him, are desired to bring in their Accompts that they may be adjusted, by

COLLIN MITCHELL.

ON the 15th of this Instant *June*, was found hid in the Woods, at *West-River* near *Margaret Richardson's*, Two large Wallets, two Pistols loaded, one Cotton Waistcoat with five Metal Buttons, one Oznabrig Shirt, an old Prayer Book one large Shoemakers Last, mark'd on the Quarter with an A and T made into one, and several other Things of but little Value.

Any Person or Persons shewing a just Right to any of the above Things, may have them again, paying the Charge of this Advertisement, and applying to the Subscriber.

DANIEL RICHARDSON.

N. B. It is supposed the above Things were hid by a White Man and a Negro, who were seen at or near the Place, but have made their Escape.

To be SOLD on Saturday the 9th of July *next, for ready Sterling Money, or Bills of Exchange, by the Subscribers, at* London Town.

A Fine Plantation called *What you will*; containing 375 Acres of Land; situated at the Head of *South* River, about 4 Miles from the Landing Place where an Inspection House is to be erected: There is a good Dwelling House, a Cellar, a good Negroe's Quarter House, Tobacco House, a good Corn-House, and a good Orchard, &c.

WILLIAM CHAPMAN, junior.
RICHARD BURDUS.

N. B. A good Title will be made to the Purchaser, by

WILLIAM PEELE.

RAN away the 26th Instant from the Subscriber's Plantation, Back of *Elk Ridge*, near Mr. *Carroll's* Manor, a Convict Irish Servant Man, named *Patrick Harford*, a lusty Fellow, about Twenty one Years of Age, fair Complexion, pitted with the Small Pox: Had on when he went away, an old Felt Hat, a black Wigg, or worsted Cap, an old white Cotton Jacket, and one Country Cloth Jacket, white and black, but as it was filled at the fulling Mill, it is of a dark brown, two Oznabrig Shirts, a Pair of short Country Linnen Trowsers, and a pair of old Country Shoes.

Whoever takes up the said Servant and brings him to his Master, shall have *Three Pounds* Current Money, if taken in *Pennsylvania*, or *Virginia*, *Five Pounds* like Money, paid by

JOHN RIDGELY.

TO be Sold by the Subscriber, Good Barbados Rum at 7 *s* by the Gallon, clean Muscovado Sugar at 1 *s* per Pound, Molasses at 5 *s* per Gallon, bolted Flour at 17 *s* 6 *d* per Hundred, Pipes, Chocolate, and sundry other Goods, by

GAMALIEL BUTLER.

Just imported from London, *in the Ship* William,

AN Assortment of *European* Goods, to be sold by the Subscriber in *Baltimore* Town, at very reasonable Rates, for Cash or Bills of Exchange, he intending to leave the Province at the Sailing of the Fleet.

JOHN CARRAN, jun.

N. B. Any Person inclinable to purchase Half, or the Whole, may have them at 30 *per Cent.* Bills of Exchange.

THIS is to give Notice, That *James Conn*, has indented himself, as a Servant, to the Subscriber: All Persons are therefore forwarn'd not to entertain, harbour, or any ways deal with, the said *James Conn*, without proper Leave from the Subscriber, on any Account whatever, as they will thereby avoid the Penalties inflicted by Act of Assembly, for Offences of that Kind, and which will surely be put in Execution against any Offenders in this Case.

WILLIAM CHAPMAN, jun.

TO BE SOLD by the Subscriber, by way of publick Vendue, on Monday the first Day of *August* next, A very valuable Tract of Land, situate on the North Side of *Patapsco* River, about three Miles above the Ferry, whereon is a Plantation with sundry Improvements, *viz.* two Dwelling Houses, a good Corn-House, Milk-House, and four good Tobacco-Houses, a large Orchard of 200 bearing Apple Trees, and a very rich Iron Mine. The Sale to be on the said Plantation at Twelve o' Clock, by

JOHN DORSEY, jun.

IF *James Fenn*, the Son of *John Fenn*, who came into this Country from *England* about ten Years ago, be now living, and will apply to Mr. *James Wood*, Chief Mate of the *William*, Capt. *Samuel Wood*, now lying in *Patapsco*, or to the Printer hereof, he will hear of something very much to his Advantage.

He is tall of Stature, is a Ship Carpenter by Trade, served his Time in *London* River, and, it is said, has work'd in *Annapolis*, and several other Places on the Bay.

JUST IMPORTED, in the Ship Baltimore, *Capt.* John Anter *from* London,

GREAT Variety of *European* and *India* Goods, at very reasonable Rates, for ready Money, or Bills of Exchange, by the Subscriber, at his Store over against Mr. *Bordley's*, near the Stadt-House in *Annapolis*.

JOHN RAITT.

RAN-away the 3d of this Instant *June* from the Subscriber, living in *Caroline* County in *Virginia*, A Scotch Servant Man named *Daniel Mc Keddie*, about 18 Years of Age, has brown colour'd Hair, a down Look, full Visage, and low Stature. Had on, and took with him, a light coloured Drugget Coat and Waistcoat, a pair of old blue Plush and Leathern Breeches, a pair of Osnabrig Trowsers, two Shirts, *Virginia* Shoes, yarn Hose, and two Felt Hats.

Ran-away at the same Time, with the above *Mc Keddie*, a Negro Man, named *Sewill*, an outlandish Fellow, between 30 and 40 Years of Age, of a thin Visage, about 5 Feet 10 Inches high, and can't speak very intelligible. Had on when he went away, a Manx Cloth Waistcoat and Breeches, and a brown Linnen Shirt.

Whoever will secure the said Runaways, so that I may get them again, shall be paid a Pistole for both, or half a Pistole for each, besides what the Law allows, by

BENJAMIN DUVALL.

Just imported from London, *in the* Ruby, *Capt.* Thomas Bailey,

GREAT Variety of *European* and *East-India* Goods, to be sold cheap, by Wholesale or Retail, for ready Bills of Exchange, Tobacco, and current Money, or very short Credit; the Subscriber intending to depart the Province.

All Persons indebted to him are desired to pay off their Balances, or to settle and give Notes for the same.

JAMES DICK.

TO BE SOLD,

GOOD *Dorchester* Beer in Bottles and Casks, net Port Wine in Casks, and a large Quantity of earthen Ware, by

B. BORDLEY.

JUST imported in the Ships *Molly*, Capt. *Flanner* from *Liverpool*, and *Canada*, Capt. *Johnston* from *Rochester*, and to be sold by the Subscriber at *Oxford*, in *Talbot* County, by Wholesale or Retail, *European* and *East India* Goods, Rum, Sugar, Molasses, coarse and fine Salt.

ROBERT MORRIS.

RAN-away from the Subscriber, living at *Elk-Ridge*, in *Anne-Arundel* County, a Convict Servant Man, named *Samuel Jones*; he is a little thin Fellow, with a great Chew of Tobacco in his Mouth. Had on when he went away, a white Flannel Jacket, an old pair of Leather Breeches, and a pair of Eight grey Kersey Breeches, an old pair of black Stockings, a pair of English Shoes with a Patch on one of them, and a Felt Hat; he is about 35 Years of Age, and his Knees knock together as he walks.

It is supposed he will change his Name, and forge a Pass.

Whoever secures the said Run-away, so that his Master may have him again, shall have *Twenty Shillings*, besides what the Law allows, paid by

JOHN BAYLIS.

ALL Persons indebted to the Estate of Col. *Adam Muir*, deceased, are desired to make speedy Payment, to prevent Trouble; And those who have any Demands on the said Estate, are desired to bring their Accounts that they may be adjusted, by

THOMAS MUIR, Executor.

Just publish'd,

And to be Sold by the Printer hereof,

A PRESENT for an APPRENTICE: Or, a sure Guide to gain both ESTEEM and ESTATE. With Rules for his Conduct to his MASTER, and in the WORLD. By a late LORD-MAYOR of *London*. It is thus recommended;

'*A pamphlet hath been twice published within this twelvemonth, called*, A Present for an Apprentice; *which to account of its unpromising title, I don't question but many others as well as myself, have overlooked. Seemingly calculated for low and unexperienced life, is excited to curiosity in those above that level. 'Twas therefore, with not a little surprise, that, on dipping into it, I found such a system of morality and œconomy; as persons of all ranks might improve by, delivered in such a stile, as the most accomplished reader, might be delighted with: in short, a work, which if universally known, would be an universal good, as containing all the requisites, to render mankind brave, wise, sociable and virtuous.*'

TO BE SOLD for ready Money, or Bills of Exchange, The Houses and Lot in *Charles-Town*, (commonly called *Port-Tobacco*) belonging to the Subscriber, consisting in a Dwelling House of five Rooms, and other Out Houses, with a Garden pal'd in; also a Malt House of sixty Foot long, two Story high, with a Kiln adjoining to it; and is very well situated for a Brewer.

JOHN MUSCHETT.

THE Ship *Winchelsea*, lying in *Severn*-River, *Thomas Cornish* Commander, carrying eighteen Guns, and forty Men; takes in Tobacco consigned to Mr. *John Hanbury*, Merchant in *London*, at *Fourteen Pounds* Sterling per Ton. The said Master will attend on board the said Ship every *Friday*, where he shall be glad of the Company of his Friends.

ABOUT the Year 1727, or 1728, one *Francis Main*, who was then a well-set Lad, about 14 Years of Age, had dark-brown Hair, and a Scar over one of his Eye-brows, came from *London* into this Province, as a Servant, in the Ship *Grove*, Capt. *Babb*, who loaded in *Bush* River.

Now if the said *Francis Main* be living, and will apply to *Jonas Green*, Printer, in *Annapolis*, he will hear of something greatly to his Advantage: And if he is indebted to any Person in this Province, he will hear of a Friend who will extricate him from any Difficulties of that Kind, let his Debts be what they will.

ANNAPOLIS: Printed by JONAS GREEN, POST-MASTER, at his PRINTING-OFFICE in *Charles-Street*; where Advertisements are taken in, and all Persons may be supplied with this Paper.